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Refreshments

The Short, Fat, One Eared Man

by Jay McCoy

Adopt warbling pitch of William S. Burroughs. So my story begins, or pretends to begin, with me thinking, "this is not an interview, but an aphorism on the ABSURDITY of writing about interviewing musicians." Someone once said something like "writing about music is like dancing about sculpture," or something like that.

Ogre have quite self-consciously put on a newly recorded tape of themselves to accompany our ruminations on subjects and topics offered by me as sacrificial seals to the bludgeoning deconstructive minds of Ogre. (I am as guilty of the needless slaughter of the white fluff covered pups of ideas as they, for I have knowingly asked these loaded questions.) The recorded Ogre provides ambience to our discussion, and becomes symbolic of the futility of ambient music as a passive genre. It inspires ruptures of activity in the seamless progression of questions and answers: spontaneous dancing provided by Dave and the interruption of the appropriated (cf. stolen) voice of a CBC DJ.

Ambient music is your fridge. Howard Stern is also ambient music for offices.

I am as uncomfortable with the word ambient as they are. Ogre are not elevator music. Or your fridge. A short genre discussion reveals that ambient can mean a plethora of things, some of which they are, many of which they refuse to be. They refuse to be labeled as such, because for Ogre, the ideal listener is an active one, ideally one who can participate in the trip they create.

A short fat man with an ear for a head.

Ambience seems to imply a passivity or indeed a non-listening. Yet if you were to look for an Ogre CD, it would likely lead you to either the ambient bin or the musique actuelle bin, depending on the store. Of course your search would be as futile as ambient music as a genre - like the genre, the disc doesn't really exist (yet). Arg, I'm harping on about ambient. Maybe because it's a point of reference, albeit negative....

Sexy, They're Naked! They Are. Really.

Ogre is the tendency of Phillip Clarke to play keyboards and knobs, Dave Bennett to play guitar, four-track, short wave radio, theromen and knobs and Eddy Cola to play percussion (and with his knob, no wait, I'm kidding). Ogre is the musical equivalent of porn: done by people who get too much, directed at people who get too little with the intention of making them want to do it themselves. Did I mention that they're talented with their instruments,

professionally trained no less? And they like experimentation. (I never thought of doing it like *that*, hey, I should try that!) A successful Ogre gig is one that inspires you to do your own thing.

Fucking Best British Trip Hop. (lies, all lies)

Ogre aren't just an ersatz sexual panacea. They are also a committed group of musical anarchists, for whom the metaphor of blurring the lines between genres works mainly in the segways between "groove and noise." The grooves are sometimes dub heavy,

THE IDEAL LISTENER



Ogre's Ideal Listener

SHORT FAT

GUY WITH BIG FAT HEAD.

bandwagon, depending on your perspective. Words are our bane and our livelihood. Experimental, says Phil holds the negative connotation of something that didn't

work out, but also the positive one of pushing the boundaries of tradition. Technology could be any musical instrument, but usually indicates samplers, knobs and other electronic paraphernalia. New technology makes experimentalism easier on some levels. However the link between technology and experimenting is not absolute - the experimental is also in the combination of ideas, audience participation and perception and also in the temporal confines of improv. Which is to say, that despite being technophiles, no one in Ogre relies on the technology to produce an experimental aesthetic.

I gotta get a fucking chopstick!

All of this might sound to the initiated like the recombinant hokey of illbient New Yorker DJ Spooky, but if you had to lump Ogre into a record bin, the musique actuelle bin would be more appropriate. Besides Bill Laswell has pretty much commandeered the ambient-dub-world music bin. Musique actuelle, despite the Montréal english media ignorance, is a thriving phenomenon in Montréal, and Ogre might well fit into it as a younger contingent. Where Derome, Lucier, Labrosse & company come from jazz and folk roots, Ogre come from noise, Zappa-esque and techno backgrounds.

New and refreshing, Drink Ogre

Hyperbole and panegyrics aside, the advertisement that will sell Ogre's Three Easy Step Plan towards World Anarchy is participation in their shows. Check 'em out when they play next!

taped material, abstract guitar echos, rustling and muttering percussion, Phil's processed chants, raves and mumbles and short wave radio. Sometimes the noisy bits are also the groovy bits. Or vice versa.

Three Easy Steps Towards World Anarchy.

In the role of musical anarchists, they also have a 3 Easy Step Plan for World Anarchy:

- (1) Lie through your teeth
- (2) Let people discover the Truth According to Ogre
- (3) When the world accepts the Truth, give up the three step plan.

Who needs plans when the world is a utopia? Which leads us nicely to improvisation: Ogre are strictly and self-consciously improv oriented, nothing is planned as such, it just happens. For Phil and Eddy, who have played together in Jazz Pharmacy almost constantly, this effort is a conscious one, and helps them to break from the idiosyncrasies of that band. All three members of Ogre agree that the improv pushes their musical abilities and creative juices more than a structured situation does.

Less nature! More technology! More Concrete! More Petals! (Pedals?)

In the structure of the interview I threw a couple of loaded words at Ogre: experimental and technology. These words are bandied about like seal pups by music journalists, hoping to catch some musician red-handed. What was an innocent bit of blood shed becomes a leg trap or a

OGRE



sometimes "organic" drum & bass, sometimes based around African, Latin or Brazilian beats, sometimes just fukt. The noise bits are, well, abstract, comprised of pre-

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The McGill Daily would like to retract the headline "Democracy Denied" which appeared in the Thursday September 4 Culture Issue. The article concerned the replacement of the executive council of the Association des Etudiants de l'Ecole des Sciences de la Gestion (AeESG) at UQAM with a new council. The Daily feels that the headline may have been misleading and regrets the error.

Continuity, paradox and a mission

An interview with Nicholas de Lange, writer and historian

by Paul Reeve

"The Jews have gone through history believing that they had a mission for humanity, which is a pretty grandiose idea for a very small, powerless, scattered sort of people. They had an idea that they had... certain moral values that would be good for other people to learn about."

-Nicholas de Lange

What I find hardest to understand, talking to Nicholas de Lange, editor of the recent *Illustrated History of the Jewish People*, is how anyone today, living in the age of Derrida and *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, Douglas Coupland and Ronald McDonald, not to mention East Timor and Nicaragua, could feel like the bearer of any sort of a mission.

Missions, for me, are the sort of thing carried out by movie spies penetrating into enemy territory. But maybe I worry too much about the smiling, ergonomic, user-friendly spirit selling me both my socks and my salvation on every corner, and I overestimate its power.

Then again, I also have a really hard time with the idea of history. I don't think I'm alone in this: like many others I've known, I never grew up with any real sense of ethnic or national background, and I was raised without religion. I don't know how it would feel to read a two-thousand year old text and know that my blood runs, in some meaningful way, with the echoes of that of its author. And while my everyday gestures are doubtlessly rich with the movements of a past as deep as anyone's, my rituals give me no explicit connection to any history.

This sort of identification, though, is the stock-in-trade of the cultural historian. The *Illustrated History* of de Lange and co. is, in part, about bringing out the threads that run through the millennia of

Jewish history into the present. De Lange writes, in his introduction, "History is a story, and the story of the Jewish people is unbroken, even by the most dramatic interruptions...it is the task of the historian to discern the continuity amid the change."

He spoke of how contemporary culture affects how Jews live and see themselves. "I think religion, for example, is not what it used to be," he continues. "It's pointless to pretend that people in the 21st century are going to be religious in the way that they were in the 19th century, or in the 16th century. It may be that Judaism needs to find other ways of expressing itself, not in traditional religious terms."

"Very large numbers, perhaps the majority, of Jews today find it

God is very difficult after Auschwitz."

When you take away the philosophical and cultural ties built on a set of common religious ideas and rituals, what can hold together a group so disparate as Jews across the world and the millennia? I ask him about it. This is when he springs the "mission" on me, carefully noting that he doesn't want to sound pompous. "I regard Christianity as one of the great success stories for the Jewish message. Through the Christian church [it] has convinced a whole lot of people about these ideas, about the sanctity of human life, and about the need to take care of the weakest members of society, and so these are basic old human Jewish values that have reached humanity through the Christian church and

also through Islam." I'd be tempted to question whether this "success story" has really been a success, as far as that moral message goes. The history of Christianity and its churches is filled with stories of intolerance; it can surely be fairly argued that where Christianity has been most dominant, anti-Semitism has been all the more powerful a presence.

An odd face for the morally well-bred child to present to a venerable parent, to say the least.

I ask whether a sense of collective purpose still informs the Jewish people, even now. "I think it does. And I think, you see, it's one of the reasons why paradoxically, Jews in the 19th century were at the forefront of completely opposed movements, like the sort of financial entrepreneurship and bourgeois life in the big cities that were grow-

ing up in the 19th century, and at the same time they were leaders of the sort of revolutionary movements that were trying to tear all that down. And you can say well this is an incredible paradox..." This only seems to be a paradox, though, when you believe that a complex, broadly defined group of people ought to act in some predictable and consistent way. Far from being

"Very large numbers, perhaps the majority, of Jews today find it difficult to think of themselves as religious in traditional terms. [...] And you know, believing in God is very difficult after Auschwitz."

a paradox, the contradiction of such expectations is something I would think only natural. I begin to suspect that he is too determined to see a consistent pattern where there doesn't need to be one.

He also says, in his introduction, that "the history of the Jewish people is constantly being rewritten" and that "the most significant differences are due to the changing needs of the times."

I ask him if there is a particular reason why one of these revisions needs to be made now. "Well, you know that the most important events in recent history concerning the Jews are the Nazi genocide and then the establishment of the state of Israel coming close on its heels," he says. "But a lot's been written about Israel, and quite a lot's been written about the events of the Nazi genocide."

However, these happenings have loomed too close, according to De Lange, to really be looked at as history. "When the actual human stories are so anguished and so alive, you can't simply take a cold look at it. As we get 50 years later, 60 years later, two, three generations afterwards, you can just begin to start taking stock of what's really happened."

The imagination falters at the sort of accounting it would take to make the Holocaust recede, even after most of its survivors have died. But the complex form of a much longer history looms above the memory of even such a gigantic tragedy.

I ask him about Israel. Once again, his great sense of purpose is apparent: "The state of Israel has to be what the Jews have always been called on to be, a light to lighten the nations. If it's not that, it's not a Jewish state in any recognizable sense.

Personally, I believe the state of Israel has already done a great deal, it's been a beacon in lots of ways... and some of them have not been very publicized. A lot of Vietnamese boat people have been taken to Israel... A lot of good's been done in ways that haven't been trumpeted forth." I feel as though he's glossing over a lot of very complicated problems with a broad characterization. The Israeli state has been responsible for some terrible violence, as well, since its creation.

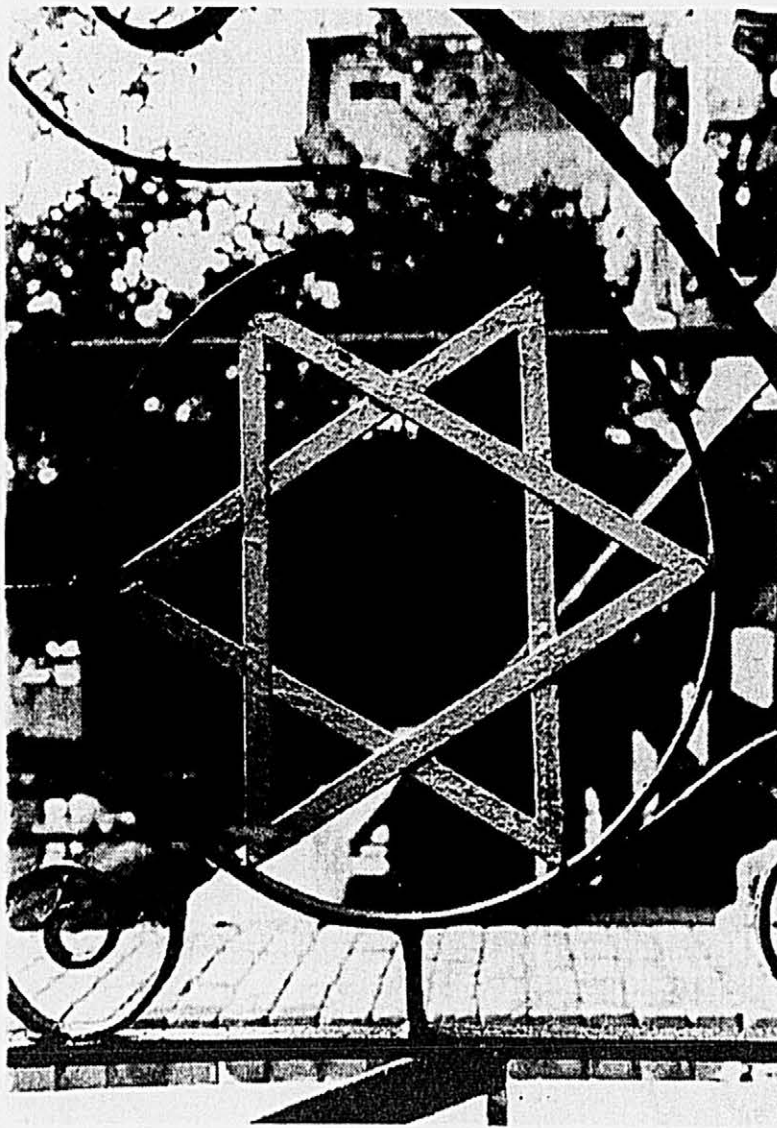
So I ask him: has Israel, as a state, come into conflict with the message he keeps referring to? "Jews have lived for many centuries

without power. Without any possibility of exercising power, without the need to exercise power. Learning to live with power, when you haven't had it, is a terrible challenge. The Christian church faced it, in the 4th century A.D., and that led to terrible persecutions, and all sorts of problems. Israel is going through that same process; it's learning how to use power and how to abuse power. [...] I believe that Israel will learn to live with power [...]. In the meantime, I do deplore some of the actions of the Israeli state. But that is learning how to grow up and take control of your own destiny and it's a form of adolescence."

When will this "adolescent" state be made to learn from its mistakes? It's hard to imagine another situation where such an excuse would be thought acceptable. And his analogy with the Christian church could hardly be hoped to be accurate: its Crusades, the condemnation of Galileo for heresy, and numerous other nastily vindictive "adolescent" abuses of power continued to happen many centuries after the formative time de Lange refers to.

To be fair, he acknowledges the problems: when I turn the tape recorder off, he tells me that I should have been harder on him on this last subject.

But it's too late. Mr. de Lange rushes off to another interview. I'm still not convinced by his great mission. He's pulled a lot of inspiring generalizations out of his historian's hat, but his world seems awfully clean and neat: everyone has a role to play, and everything works out in the end. The continuity discerned. But I'm not sure it has been — and somehow, I don't think Nicholas de Lange is either.



Finding the Humour in Chekhov

New production understands the author's lighter side

by Hanna Rabinovich

It seems that if you go out into a crowd of random teenagers, you can often hear a lot of abuse directed at one of Russia's most famous playwrights. Many people view him as tragic and boring; his plays are considered to be melodramatic and anticlimactic. Of course, travel in some other circles, and you may hear glowing praise of his gen-

the most tragic of situations, there is a lighter side.

Director Christina Piovesan expertly picks up on these sometimes direct, but often subtle humorous episodes. She plays with the staging and timing of the lines allowing her actors to bring out the facetious elements of the script. Candice Ornstein plays the flamboyant

of the play. The actors occasionally tripped up in the tangle of Chekhov convoluted dialogue - though this wordiness may have developed through translation, a well known difficulty for certain Chekhov adaptations.

The story itself follows the life of a family, focusing on the relationship between a young director, Constantin and his lover Nina, an aspiring actress (beautifully played by Carol Piovesan). At the onset of the play the couple is in love, however a tension exists between their families. Despite this, Nina continues to see Constantin and they are apparently happy. As the play continues, Constantin becomes increasingly dissatisfied with his work and life, and frustrated by the unappreciative discouragement of his mother. Eventually, at what seems to be the rockiest point in Nina and Constantin's relationship, an older, well-respected writer, Trigonin (played by Timothy S. Fizzsimmons) visits the family and subtly seduces Nina.

Somehow, despite the clarity with which Chekhov portrays real life problems, and the strength of several of the characters, I still felt that I could not completely abandon myself to the play. Perhaps it was the awkward scene changes and

lighting, or maybe it was the unconvincing snap of an obviously toy gun. Such amateur aspects on the director's behalf diminished the play's effect, and undermined the director's efforts to bring out the scenes of unrequited love and creative frustration which

play a major role in the development of the plot. Still, the play held together well, and if nothing else was, in the words of the director "a reminder to relax, sit back, and enjoy the ride."

The Sea Gull plays at Players' Theatre till Saturday. Info: 398-6813. Tickets: 6\$ for students.



CANDICE ORNSKIN AS "ARKADINA" AND PAUL DI BIASE AS "DRON"

ius in portraying the everyday life of ordinary people with poignancy and clarity.

With all the mixed opinions I had heard of Chekhov's other plays, I was wary of attending *The Seagull*, performed last week in McGill's Players' Theatre. Yet as I sat down in the rather small theatre, I suddenly felt excited and a bit more optimistic. Laying down my coat I glanced at the stage. Along the two walls, vines were woven through white trellises and flowers sat in boxes situated about the stage. It was an inviting stage, cozy and welcoming. Set Designer Andrea Kennedy and Art Decorator Natalie Adamov did an phenomenal job recreating the informal yet beautiful atmosphere of a timeless, Russian home. I decided that even if *The Seagull* didn't live up to my expectations of an exceptional play, at least I could admire the scenery.

Luckily, due in part to Chekhov's talent and in part to the ability of various actors, I didn't have to resort to too many hours of decorating notes. In his plays, Chekhov concentrates on capturing the moods and attitudes of his civilian characters. He uses his plays to reflect upon the ordinary events of an average person's life and to communicate the bittersweet balance of sorrow and joy in social life. Into the script he works comedic phrases and episodes, showing that even in

Madam Arkadina with style. She is the mother of a young director, Constantin (powerfully performed by Andrew Zadel). Together with Sorin, an aging estate owner played wittingly by Edward Fuller, Chekhov's humour is brought to the stage.

Yet in contrast to some of these bewitchingly funny episodes, there are also several dramatic scenes. The audience was captivated by the impressive expression of



CAROLINE PIOVESAN AS "NINA"

Chekhov's reflections on the small misfortunes of life. In one scene Stephanie Morley, playing a middle-aged, dissatisfied woman, confesses her love to a nonchalant Doctor Dorn, (Paul Di Biase). The scene captivated and moved the audience.

Unfortunately, these accomplished moments sometimes clashed with the other, slower parts

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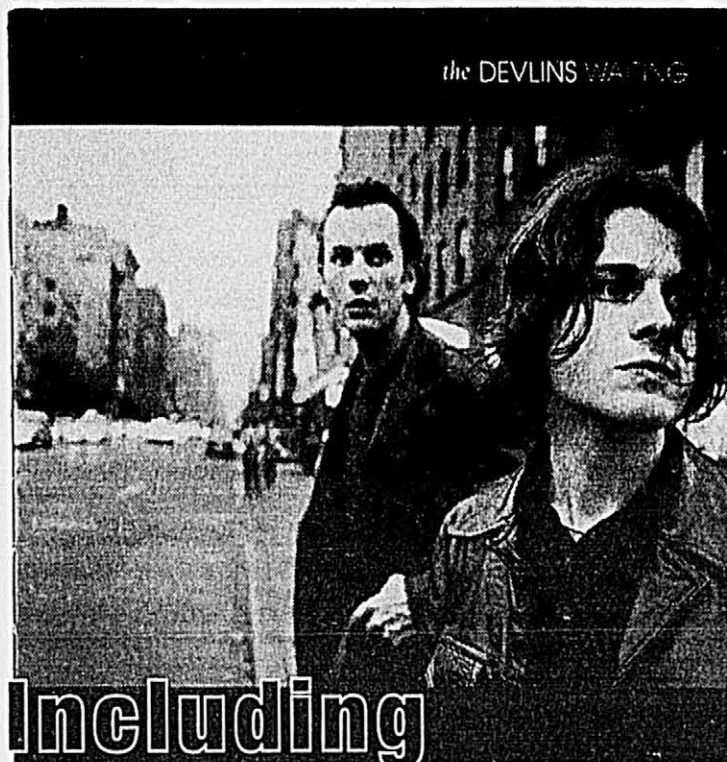
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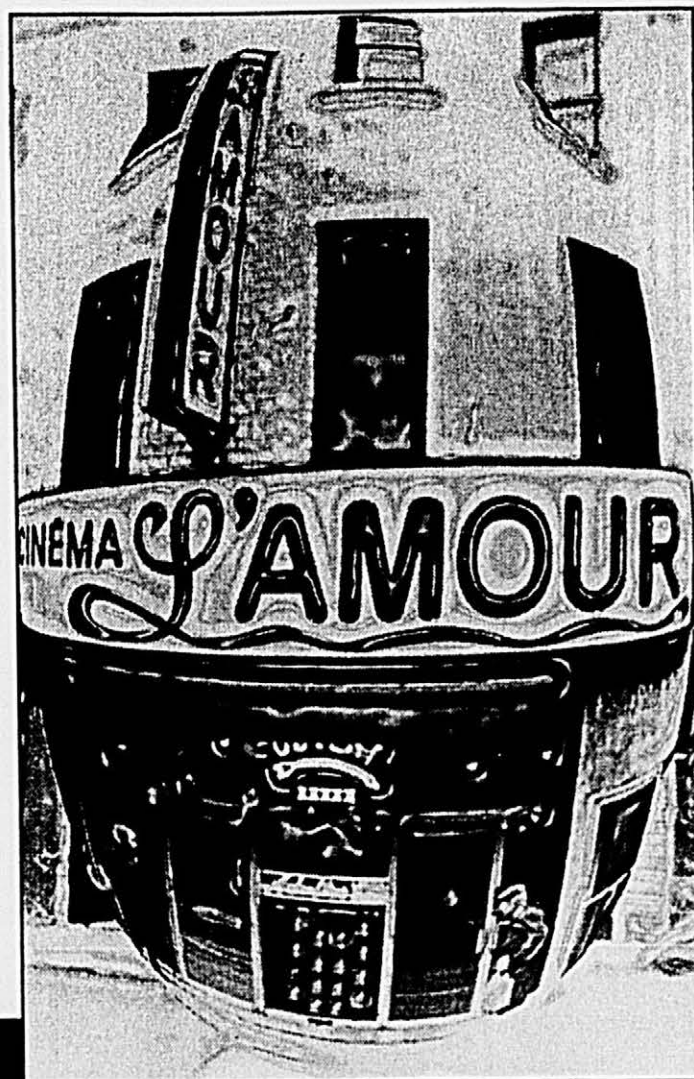
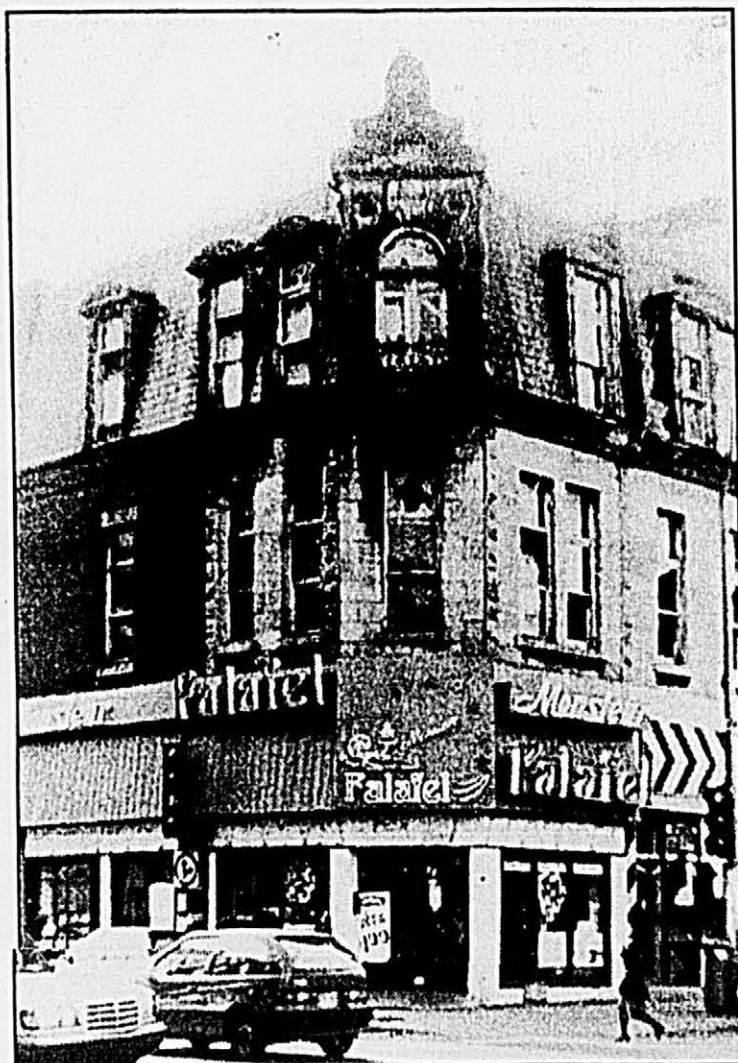
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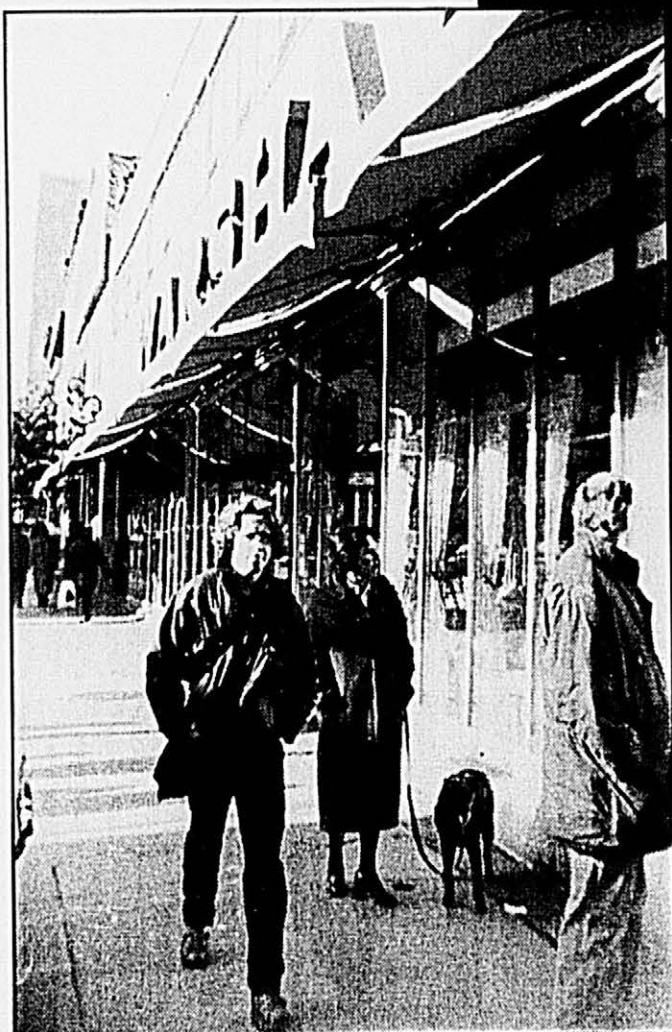
by Lori Braun

Edgar Allan Poe meets
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reminder of this city's over-
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Extreme Love Story

An intimate look at a Sick relationship

by Ira Nayman

The best documentaries show their audiences images of the extremes of human behaviour and dare the viewers to look away.

Kirby Dick's *Sick: The Life and Death of Bob Flanagan, Supermasochist* achieves the astonishing feat of repeatedly assaulting the audience with increasingly graphic depictions of its subject's unusual behaviour, yet all the while maintains our sympathy for him.

The full title, like the film, is cheeky and very up front about its subject: *Sick* doesn't shy away from Flanagan's expressions of masochism. In fact, the film gains much of its dramatic strength from a simple, logical progression of scenes, starting with the humorous insertion of a ball in Flanagan's butt, to his wife and dominatrix Sheree Rose carving her initial into his chest with an X-acto knife, to the infamous scene of Flanagan nailing his penis to a board.

However, Dick, the director of this film, was a friend of Flanagan's for many years, and his compassion for his subject makes *Sick* much more than a voyeuristic freak show. Interspersed with the shocking scenes are quiet moments which reveal other aspects of Flanagan's life, aspects which put his masochism in a broader context.

For instance, Flanagan was born with Cystic Fibrosis, and was given less than 20 years to live (he died at the age of 42). In the film, Dick makes the argument that masochism was a way for Flanagan to control his otherwise

his back on a gurney in the final days of his life, and is peppered with Flanagan's poetry, song parodies, and performance art. Besides being entertaining, the humour helps humanize Flanagan's character.

In addition, Dick believes the centre of *Sick* is the romantic relationship between Flanagan and Sheree Rose. In

above him and, for 45 minutes, gave an extemporaneous, remarkable but not surprising little speech. She talked about their S/M experiences by going over his body section by section, the ethics of S/M and a how-to all mixed together. A kind of cooking show, if you will. It's a very touching scene where you see this entire relationship. The film is a love

story, and this six minute scene is where people have come up to me and said that this is where they see what a love story it is."

Dick's closeness to Flanagan ensured the film wouldn't be a detached exploration of the pros and cons of the S/M lifestyle. It did, however, allow Dick access to Flanagan's life which led to some astonishingly intimate moments. As he physically weakened towards the end of his life, for instance, Flanagan often refused to play the submissive to Rose's dominatrix. Stripped of her dominatrix role, Rose didn't know how to ex-

between them - Rose wanting to continue in her role long after it was appropriate, which Dick was able to capture. This is an insightful move on his part, because, even more than the expectedly unsettling S/M, these scenes show the couple failing to deal with the more conventional "roles" that are alien to their habitual relationship.

Because of the graphic portrayal of its subject, *Sick* is often a difficult film to sit through. Dick, himself, admitted that when he first saw some of Rose's footage of Flanagan - the penis-nailing scene, for instance - he found it hard to watch. To his credit, Dick never considered omitting some of the more extreme footage. As it stands, he has presented us with an honest and unflinching portrayal of his subject, obliging us, the viewers, to confront certain realities we'd otherwise rather ignore.

However, what's most surprising is that in the final analysis, *Sick* deals with emotional issues we all have to go through at some point in our lives: how to cope with our bodies when they're not functioning properly; whether to hide or openly embrace aspects of our personalities of which others may not approve; and, yes, whether we'll find our one true love. After watching *Sick*, you may not love Bob Flanagan or how he chose to live; but to the extent that Dick successfully elicits our sympathies for a character whose experiences are alien to most of us, he has created a rewarding film.

Anyone interested in seeing Bob's impaled penis can catch *Sick* for the next two weeks at Cinéma du Parc. All kidding aside, it is a remarkable movie.



out of control body (the bodies of people with CF produce liquids at a far greater rate than they can eliminate them; Flanagan's lungs were full of liquid when he died).

Another way Flanagan coped with his illness was to develop a wicked sense of humour about himself and his world; the film opens with Flanagan performing a stand-up comedy routine flat on

an interview at the Toronto International Film Festival, Dick explained: "We shot the section called 'The Autopsy' where Bob was actually prone, naked on a gurney and she was standing

lic; because I still love Lent, and I still love my penis, and in spite of it all I have no guilt; because my parents said BE WHAT YOU WANT TO BE, and this is what I want to be..."

- Bob Flanagan

press her affection for him, or her fear of being left alone after he died. This caused some bickering

On the *Cutting Edge* of Quebec Creativity

Young artists take to the stage with a November to Remember

by Erica Lee

"This is the new mainstream."

With this proclamation by artistic director Guy Sprung, Theatre 1774's *A November to Remember* was unveiled. Some of the shows, by local artists touted as the cutting edge of Québec creativity, were previously performed at festivals such as the Montréal Fringe, and many will go on to be mounted on larger venues across the city. Tucked away on the third floor of a small St-Laurent building, the theatre's steeply pitched stairs and unassuming exterior preclude the possibility of accidental discovery by curious passerby. But with a mandate focused on reaching a large number of Montréalers with groundbreaking plays, Theatre 1774 wants and deserves to break out of its relative obscurity with an original, quality product. Boasting that "production values are secondary, the ethos of the mega-musical irrelevant", they deliver no-frills entertainment worthy of exposure.

However, the climb uphill towards widespread recognition may be steep, as even the inhabitants of some adjacent buildings don't seem to know of the theatre's existence. Clearly, the message needs to get out to an audience broader than "the usual Montréal theatre crowd" that was spotted in attendance at opening night. Indeed, like Home Shopping Network pitch men peddling their wares to viewers dripping in cubic zirconia jewelry, the theatre was proselytizing to the converted. More than one member of the sparse audience could be overheard saying that they were here mainly to see a friend who was performing. However, one would hope that the rest of the public gets on side, because *A November to Remember* is a refreshing and thoroughly engaging experience.

satire with a savage twist

The festival's inaugural play on the newly revamped Theatre 1774 stage was *Baumguard Cuckoos*. As noted by playwright and star Patrick Goddard, our nation suffers from a paucity of stories centred on psychotics, a condition he set out to correct with gripping results. The show deals with Canada's most sacred cow, hockey, and gives the topic a savage and funny twist. We're all familiar with the cozy, heart-warming role that the national pastime plays in Canadian lore: families gathering in front of the cathode ray tube on Saturday nights to watch *Hockey Night in Canada* on CBC, parents building a rink in the backyard with concrete and a garden hose. But *Baumguard Cuckoos* is a tale of what can happen when the sport dominates every aspect of a family's life and becomes a destructive, rather than positive, force.

In rural 1960's Saskatchewan,

family norm is quashed.

The motif of the cuckoos are a symbol of the subjugation Scotty is forced to endure as a result of his weakened physical condition. His father figures that because he cannot play hockey, the only way he can be useful to the family is by fixing things around the house, including his late wife's collection of cuckoo clocks. Exacerbating Scotty's diminished esteem in the family is that his twin brother is the second coming of Jacques Plante, a brilliant netminder destined for glory with the Montréal Canadiens. The twins dream of heading east together, with Scotty attending university to "make something of himself" while his brother joins the pantheon of Frost family legends.

The patriarch's differential treatment of the two twins has manifested itself in a variety of

ways in the past. However, the final indignity that seals the clan's fate occurs during a Christmas dinner, when Scotty's oldest brother announces his impending retirement from the NHL and subsequently his and his wife's desire to live on abandoned family property. Their father, quite expectedly, offers Scotty's services in repairing the old farm, a task which would take years and derail Scotty's plans of escaping the repressive family environment. When Scotty protests that his father has taken away his past and now will ruin his hopes for the future, the scornful reply he receives is that his sole future lies in helping to perpetuate the family myth by serving the interests of his brother, one of

its creators.

When Scotty puts his mechanical skills to use in orchestrating the demise of his relatives, it is horrible but not entirely surprising. His final act seems almost like a natural progression from wronged to vengeful, the culmination of a lifetime of frustrations. The key here is that an overly consuming love of hockey and the prestige it can bring is, ultimately, the instrument of the Frost family's destruction. For some, the play may hold a special interest in light of recent scandals involving such venerable Canadian hockey shrines as Maple Leaf Gardens,

where children and their parents put too much trust in the concept of the NHL as the promised land to be reached at all costs. *Baumguard Cuckoos* shows that an obsession with nationally held values can lead to tragic consequences.

whose strengths are a number of fine sight gags, Goulem's talent for physical comedy and fine eye for absurdity is the main attraction. The rather strange cross-section of moments shown from the cowboy's life give him the chance to amuse while playing such diverse roles as a

seven-foot cross-dressing cowboy, the desert's own RuPaul, and a unhinged, slobbering old man.

If the play is taken as the sum of its surface parts, a loosely related group

"Tucked away on the third floor of a small St-Laurent building, the theatre's steeply pitched stairs and unassuming exterior preclude the possibility of accidental discovery by curious passerby. But with a mandate focused on reaching a large number of Montréalers with groundbreaking plays, Theatre 1774 wants and deserves to break out of its relative obscurity with an original, quality product."

the ludicrous and lonely cowboy

More opaque in meaning and intent is Eric Goulem's *The Lonely Cowboy*. While the synopsis in the program describes the show as "the story of a self-exiled cowboy in love with life, obsessed with death, and born of the two", this blurb is incongruous with what was seen on-stage. Any speculated meaning of these phrases is difficult to reconcile with the portrayal of the cowboy's world, which emerges through a series of short, mostly comical, skits.

Many amusing moments ensue, but their more profound meanings are difficult to grasp. An indicative example occurs during the cowboy's account of a tense standoff between Mexican and American bandits in a bar. As the roughnecks line up, toe to toe, the impression is given that a spaghetti-western gunfight of epic proportions is about to take place. The situation is defused when one of the Mexican bandits asks an American bandit to dance, and the whole lot of them go waltzing off into the sunset. In a separate sketch, the cowboy muses "how many piddles would it take to fill the Grand Canyon?" while relieving himself off the side of a cliff. While ludicrous and funny, it is doubtful that their interest extends beyond their comic value.

As is appropriate in a show

of vignettes whose purpose is more to amuse than to provoke thought, then it is thoroughly enjoyable. But whatever larger dramatic or cultural implications the narrative events may have is open to debate.

The net effect of Theatre 1774 and *A November to Remember* is that of an eclectic, exciting mix of shows definitely worth checking out. While they may lack a big budget and polished exterior, Theatre 1774 is possessed of an energy sometimes lacking in staid, popular theatre. And there are signs of hope that Guy Sprung's vision will gain more widespread acclaim. The commercial successes of Broadway shows such as *Rent* and *Noise/Funk* augurs well for the future of non-traditional theatre—it seems that the theatre-going public has finally lost their obsession with Andrew Lloyd Webber. And if Montréalers do indeed decide to crown Theatre 1774 as the next big thing, that endorsement will have been well-earned.

A November to Remember is occurring at 3964 St Laurent, on the third floor. Box-office is at Blizart (3958 St Laurent). For info call 987-1774. Plays will be shown every Thursday to Sunday for the rest of the month. They include: Doing Borrowed Time, Governor of the Dew, See Bob Run, Bone Cold, Birthmarks, Tintin Untold.



A SCENE FROM ERIC GOULEM'S *THE LONELY COWBOY*

Scotty Frost is his family's black sheep, the runt of an NHL litter. Severely scarred lung tissue caused by the childhood carelessness of his brothers means that Scotty will not go on to be a hockey player on an Original Six franchise like his brothers and all of their male relatives before them. This family, however, is no ordinary hockey-loving group of hosers; here the sport has taken on cult-like importance. From the cradle, the boys are regaled with stories of their legendary forebearers. Their father, wants to see that all of his boys carry on the tradition, and deviance from the

Love, Reinforcement and an End to Blame:

The Peggy Claude Pierre approach to Eating Disorders

by Paul Cornett

"If you are a parent, family member, loved one, or caregiver of a victim, or a victim yourself, you know the punishing pain and sense of hopelessness caused by eating disorders." So reads the introduction to Peggy Claude-Pierre's new book: *The Secret Language of Eating Disorders*. In this new book, Claude-Pierre has attempted to provide a new and revolutionary cure for patients suffering from eating disorders.

Claude-Pierre was thrown into this field of work because both of her daughters Kirsten and Nicole had to fight anorexia. Her interest in psychology led her to observe and study the effects and origins of the illness that plagued her daughters. The introduction of her book leads you through a series of events surrounding her family struggle and how these experiences inspired her to found the Montreux Clinic.

Claude-Pierre stresses that the cause for eating disorders is *not* vanity. Stemming from a great deal of personal experience from the disease, Claude-Pierre claims the villain behind eating disorders and other

mental illnesses, such as obsessive compulsive disorder, is what she has coined as CNC, or Confirmed Negativity Condition. She writes: "An eating disorder is to Confirmed Negativity Condition as a rash is to measles...it is a symptom of an underlying problem...CNC is the culmination of negative subjectivity turned against oneself. This hypercritical subjectivity will cause the victim to interpret every comment made to her as a negative reflection on her, or it will make the victim assume blame for every event, no matter how objectively unrelated to her."

Claude-Pierre breaks down the thought pattern of individuals affected by eating disorders into the relatively simple formula that follows: "Eating means having food. Food means having life. I should not have life because I do not deserve it. I do not deserve life because I have failed humanity. Therefore I do not deserve food."

Included in the book is a collection of art illustrating the horrific mental anguish of individuals suffering from eating disorders. One

drawing shows a person surrounded by fire which allows no escape from a torment filled life. Many illustrations reveal an overwhelming negativity that manipulates and turns every little detail of life against its victim in order to destroy him or her. This is the danger of eating disorders, maintains Claude-Pierre: they turn every comment, imagined slight or otherwise into fuel for a self-hatred that, in turn, perpetuates the eating disorder.

Claude-Pierre includes in her book an explanation of the "dual-mind thought pattern", which is composed of the Negative mindset and the Actual mindset. This Negative mindset is not, according to Claude-Pierre, an original component of a person's psychological make-up. It is a parasite which takes the Actual mindset as its host. We read that, in extreme cases, the Negative mind set lashes out on the Actual mind-set, or the true self. The more control negativity has over the former, the more the person in question will lose their sense of identity. She believes that people prone to subjective negativity

will lose their sense of self to the overpowering manipulation of negativity.

The Secret Language of Eating Disorders has been criticized for its seeming lack of academic content. While her writing falters as far as empirical justification goes, her years of experience reveal practical and valuable insights on a condition that has been deemed incurable by many therapists. Her work provides a new perspective on an issue where it is particularly obvious that a dry scientific approach is insufficient to deal with the issues.

The author emphasizes the hands-on, intensely intimate method of her treatment. This personal touch is demonstrated by the inclusion of her patients artwork, and an extensive selection of prose and poetry written by her former and current patients. Claude-Pierre provides them with a voice by including these works, and it is perhaps her way of justifying the credibility of her work. Whatever structural importance this concluding chapter may have, it does reveal the

encouragement felt by her patients who have seen substantial progress in their rehabilitation.

Besides a hands on approach to treatment that encourages the patients to personally express their suffering through art and writing, Claude-Pierre puts an emphasis on unconditional love as an integral part of treatment.

The author's argumentation comes from a humanistic world view which believes that humans are inherently good. In the clinic, she seeks to help her patients arrive at 86 per cent on the "Montreux Life Wellness Scale." Why 86 per cent and not 100 per cent? Claude-Pierre responds: "No one can ever be 100 per cent anything; nor should we strive to be. Every aspect of this therapy stresses acceptance and compassion for our imperfections."

Eating disorders are the self-destructive result of a relentless and extreme striving for perfection. According to Claude-Pierre, it is through love that we can free ourselves from the impossible paradigms of perfection.

Newsbrief: Electrical Debates

In response to Hydro Québec's recently announced 5-year plan focusing on "growth and profit," the Coalition Contre la Dénationalization de l'Électricité (CCDE) is organizing "Power for the People/L'Énergie des gens," a series of events pertaining to public involvement in Hydro Québec's policies. The purpose of this conference is to develop a sustainable and ecological vision for Hydro Québec and electricity in the province.

The CCDE is an organization representing several groups in Québec alarmed by rumors of Hydro Québec's possible privatization, its plans to increase over the border exportation, and its questionable environmental practices. The coalition is composed of consumer groups, environmental activists, farmers, and businesses, which represent over 500 000 Québécois.

The CCDE was formed about a year ago. Tom Holzinger, of the coalition, says that they were "appalled, alarmed, in shock... at the beginning of 1997 when Hydro Québec announced its priority to export to the U.S. rather than giving priority to Québec's interests." He goes on to say that this would cause a "damage here, benefit there" effect. "The

logic of the situation was completely wrong," says Holzinger.

Tooker Gomberg, urban activist and one of the organisers of the conference, also brings up concerns about the lack of public consultation in the formation of the five-year plan. "Hydro Québec is a crown corporation. It should be a model for accessibility, of transparency...", says Gomberg. But this has not been the case. In contrast with the 1992 plan, which required lengthy consultations between Hydro and their critics, the requirements for public consultation in the 1997 plan were canceled. "A government decree snuffed it out in one brutal paragraph," says Holzinger. Gomberg calls this a "shamefully antidemocratic approach by the Québec government." According to Gomberg, it is the responsibility of the government to ensure that there be interchange between corporations owned by the citizens of Québec and the public.

"Major things underway are undemocratic and unecological," continues Gomberg. "Hydro Québec is planning to spend 13 billion dollars over the next five years. We the citizens have to have some input."

The conference is organised in

across Canada and the U.S., such as the Sierra Club and the NRDC. These American groups are concerned by ecological damage in Québec which would be caused in order to make possible the exportation of electricity to the Northeastern States.

The goal of this first part of the conference is to develop a declaration for sustainable energy practices for Québec, which, ideally, would be signed by all the participants at the end of the day.

On Sunday November 16, workshops will be held on topics relating to electricity use and production, such as environmental

and aboriginal issues, job creation and activism. There will be eleven workshops, open to the public, including one directed by Wayne Roberts, author of *Get a Life* which is entitled "Jobs, Jobs, Jobs".

Finally, there will be a rally on

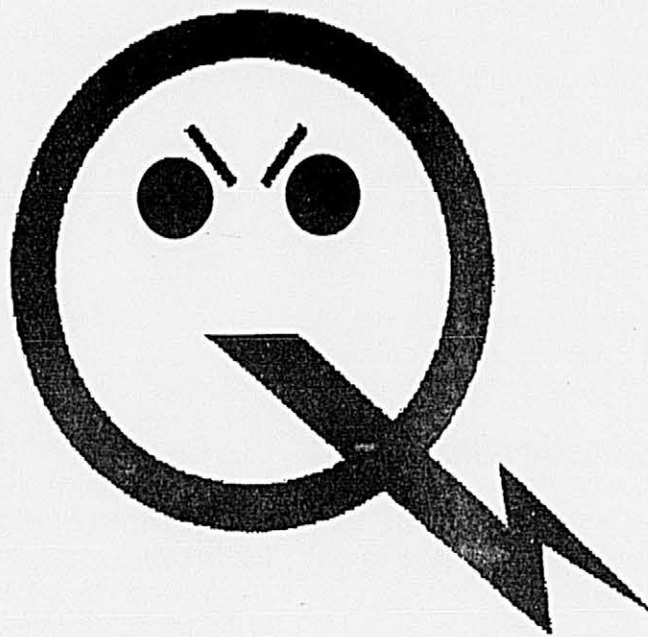
Monday November 17 at noon, in front of the Hydro Québec building. The events of the weekend will culminate in the presentation of a photovoltaic panel to Hydro Québec, hoping to bring their attention to alternative resources for electricity production, such as solar and wind energy, as well as issues of energy efficiency. Hydro Québec will be encouraged to place the panel on the roof of their building.

Through the conference, "we hope to project a different vision of Québec's energy future [...] producing less electricity but using it much more wisely," says Holzinger. He also hopes to "still give our neighbors energy, to be used in more friendly ways."

Power for the People: 11 Workshops on the Future of Electricity in Québec will be held on November 16 at UQAM, 1255 rue St-Denis. Rm A-2860. The cost is \$5 for the day.

Let's Rally: Hydro Québec, We have a different vision will be happening Monday November 17 at noon in front of 75 René Lévesque Blvd. W.

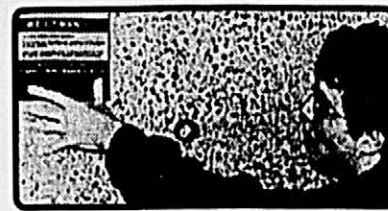
-Noëmi Tousignant



three parts. On Saturday, there will be a "strategic conference" which will bring together about 80 people who have been active in issues relating to electricity production. This includes activists from Québec, as well as representatives from groups



CD REVIEWS



Based On A True Story Mack 10

Priority Records/Virgin

What's the truth about *True Story*? I don't actually know if Mack 10 is the "motherfuckin' man," but it's an easy rap to buy. Us weaklings will be familiar with this routine. He's a sociopathic peacock; sharp dressed, cold hearted, he's got a girlfriend and a cool pseudonym. What a man. I'm insane with jealousy because I've got to go to boring school, study hard and nurture an amiable, soft spoken manner in anticipation of employment in the managerial sector. In contrast, this chicken hawk nurtures the drug trade. He carries a "foe-foe revolver so my strap ain't a jammer." Explanations of my career decisions would not have such marketability. I've always admired people who can just keep talking and not run out of things to say, much like the audacious and off colour rantings of a party guest who nobody knows.

He talks so fast, and so does Ice Cube, and especially E-40. E-40 is better than Mack 10, with such an emphatic delivery that you can almost feel the spit flying from his rapidly contorting lips. Snoop cameos, and his meandering diction also upstages Mack 10's standard issue tough guy tone.

The truth about *True Story* is that the whole scene seems a little ossified. The album has the heavy beats, the heavy dudes, the funny sounds, the crack, etc. In production, the album has picked up a nice thumping spatial domination and repetitive soundscape. *True Story* is held together by a consistent distribution of its component parts; the buzz, the hum, the throb, the tingle, the funk riffs and the honey smooth background singers all come in at regular intervals and support Mack 10's combined tone of common sense and violence. But out of respect for the truth, it would be inaccurate to describe this album as anything other than formulaic.

- Mullein Buss

Everything I Play Is Gonna Be Funky

Lou Donaldson

Blue Note Records

Any musician willing to name an album *Everything I Play Is Gonna Be Funky*, clearly has no shame. True, this record was originally released in 1970, an era not known for its taste for the 'finer things.' After all, polyester suits, bad facial hair and Alice Cooper were just coming into their own during this period. Nonetheless, *Everything I Play Is Gonna Be Funky* outdoes even its own extravagant era and can rightly be heralded as one of the essential yet largely overlooked '70s party music albums. The title-track itself captures the essence of the album as the words, "Everything I do is gonna be funky from now on" are repeated continuously over a heavily grooving funk rhythm.

One of my favorite cuts on the record is "Somewhere Over the Rainbow"; the song made famous by Disney captures the true essence of what the liner notes call the 'Lou Donaldson Experience.' A not very odd choice for this album, considering the sappiness of the tune, "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" combines R&B along with soft listenable mellow jazz. Tunes like "West Indian Daddy" combine Calypso, straight-ahead jazz and a funk rhythm. The album notes put it best by describing this LP as "straight forward, and its direction is entertainment." This is a great description for re-release — I know a smile comes across my face every time I listen to the album. True, I'm laughing at the campiness of the thing, but I'm also enjoying the sheer fun of the music.

- Gil Shochat

Modus Operandi
Photek

Science/Virgin

25 year old Londoner (they must have a

musically enhanced genetic cess pool) Rupert Parks has been setting the turntablist world on fire. When he came out with the "Ni-Ten Ic Hi Ryu (Two swords Technique)" EP, Montréal Junglists were effusive in their praise for the DJ-tunes-producer. Klanky beats, finger snaps, metallic noises and deep bass were combined to form what, at first, sounded like a scrap yard at a rave. Further listens proved the genius.

In Parks' simple, basic drum'n'bass, Photek has returned with this first full length effort (on a major label, no less) that is arguably the best drum'n'bass album of '97. (I feel a swarm of hate letters coming on). All the standards are here, the clangs, the bangs, the beats and that unmistakable deep bass. This album can conceivably be called "Ni Ten Ichi Ryu" the Sequel. "The Hidden Camera," "Smoke Rings" and "Minotaur" best exemplify this claim with insanity breaks and asylum noises. "KJZ" and "The Filth Column" present a new direction, with a slowed down tempo, piano and melody.

With drum'n'bass splitting out into millions of stylistic directions, Photek's take is to strip it all down to the most basic of elements: the beat. Even with this bare-bones appearances, there is something dark, even sinister about his music that evokes images of the smoky basement-clubs that kicked off drum'n'bass years ago. To call Photek a "pioneer" would be unfair to these who invented Jungle when Photek was probably still in high school. But you can bet the house that this is what the pioneers had originally dreamt of when the first break was sped up.

- Patrick Moss

Crazy Wisdom
Chris Warren

Ava Music

Canadian artist Chris Warren has taken his music - widely ranging in style and in-

fluence - one step beyond the acoustically organic texture inherent in his compositions. He has developed his own style of studio technique which allows for fuller musical sounds and broader artistic freedom. His new CD crosses the boundaries of pop, world beat, and contemporary composition. Coupled melodies of acoustic guitars ring out beneath a serenade of inward truths. A mellow, contemplative clarinet rises up out of musical folds, phoenix-like, and draws you deep into layers of sound as it descends again.

"Shame" stands without studio reconstruction and is layered instead in the full, organic voices of the piece: those of Chris, an oboe and a cello. The lyrics here narrate a sad dance of harmonies between the instruments which represents a dialogue between the feminine and the masculine with sobering effects. In addition, "Shame," "Why?," "Jerusalem" and "God is Dead" have a strong social flavor pulling from rich sources. Warren filters broad topics through an intensely personal lens, and focuses them directly into his music.

The artist's refreshing style may, in part, be attributed to his Independent label status. In effect, studio arrangement brings an entirely separate dimension to music; it is an art in its own right. Because the Indie scene has become accessible through the affordability of studio technologies, independent artists are able to mold this asset into a myriad of possibilities.

Asserting financial freedom into the music scene has allowed the independent artist to step into the light and show us his brilliant colors related in sounds. The result is a layering of instruments and harmonies bursting open the germinal seeds of Chris Warren's raw material.

- Anna Alfredson

For info on Chris Warren:
<http://www.interlog.com/~sheer>
1-888-AVA-MUSIC

EVENTS EVENTS EVENTS EVENTS

Friday, November 14th

An evening of Folk music at the Yellow Door. Performing: Rory Hochman and Jamie Antal. Admission \$3. Doors open at 20h.

Wednesday, November 19th

McGill Students' International development initiative is holding International Development Day, a confer-

ence where students can find out about volunteer and career opportunities in international development.

Thursday, November 20th

Talent night at Hillel Students' Society (3460 Stanley). Seven (or so) great acts! 20h, admission \$4.

Upcoming

McGill Choral Society will be presenting Handel's Messiah.

Ongoing

Montage is now accepting submissions for its 1997-98 issue. Submissions may be left in the Montage box in the Arts Porter's office. We encourage all those interested to attend our regular meetings every 2nd Tuesday at 1630h in Arts 235. See the blackboard in the Arts building for details.

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daily classifieds

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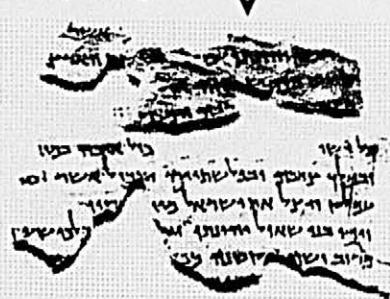
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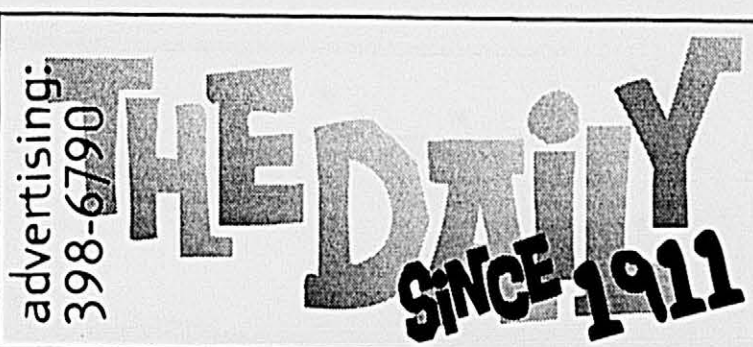
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The Gazette

NEW COURSE WINTER TERM 1997-1998

Canadian Cultures: Context & Issues

106-202B
Tuesday, 1:00 pm to 4:00 pm

Offered by Mr. David McKnight & Professor Jane Everett

A course on the history of Canadian Cultures from the mid-19th century to the present. This course surveys the diversity of Canadian cultural identities through literature, drama, art and the mass media. Guest lecturers from the academic and cultural communities will be invited. Some of the course material will be in French; an ability to read French is required.

The McGill Institute for the Study of Canada
L'institut d'études canadiennes de McGill
3463 Peel Street, Montreal, QC H3A 1W7
Tel: (514) 398-8346 Fax: (514) 398-7336
INTERNET: <http://www.arts.mcgill.ca/programs/mlsc>

NOUVEAU COURS SESSION HIVER 1997-1998

Canadian Cultures: Context & Issues (Les cultures canadiennes: leur contexte et leurs problèmes)

106-202B
Mardi de 13 h à 16 h

Offert par Monsieur David McKnight et professeur Jane Everett

Cours sur l'histoire des cultures canadiennes depuis le milieu du 19e siècle jusqu'à présent. Le cours étudiera les différentes identités canadiennes par le biais de la littérature, le théâtre, l'art et les médias. Il y aura des conférenciers invités provenant tant du milieu universitaire que culturel. Certains ouvrages en français seront étudiés; la capacité de lire le français est nécessaire.

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The McGill Daily

ALLIANCE

WEEKEND GROOVE

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ONE NIGHT STAND

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "LEAVING LAS VEGAS"

wesley snipes nastassja kinski kyle macclachlan ming-na wen and robert downey jr. It was just one night that changed everything.

winner
wesley snipes
best actor
1997 venice
international
film festival

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"ONE NIGHT STAND" KYLE MACCLACHLAN MING-NA WEN AND ROBERT DOWNEY JR. CASTING BY NANCY FOT, C.S.A. MUSIC BY MIKE FIGGIS
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: LARRY COHEN PRODUCED BY MICHAEL KALINOWSKI WRITTEN BY MICHAEL QUINN PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DE LUCA DIRECTED BY MICHAEL FIGGIS
CASTING BY NANCY FOT, C.S.A. COSTUME DESIGNER: ROBERT ENGELMAN PRODUCTION DESIGNER: AMIE STEWART EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: LARRY COHEN PRODUCED BY MICHAEL KALINOWSKI WRITTEN BY MICHAEL QUINN PRODUCED BY MICHAEL DE LUCA DIRECTED BY MICHAEL FIGGIS

NEW LINE CINEMA

ALLIANCE

OPENS FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14TH